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NEWS AND VIEWS

The new Vatican appointments to the College of Cardinals provided rich material for a favorite Catholic parlor game: decoding reasons behind Vatican decisions. Among points probed:

—To what extent were the American appointments intended to underscore Vatican insistence on respect due authority? (The three resident U.S. prelates named as cardinals—Archbishops Cody, Krol and O'Boyle—head sees of dissent, where authority is under considerable pressure.)

—To what extent was the appointment of Msgr. Francis Brennan intended to upgrade the Roman Rota and accent Vatican commitment to the sacrament of marriage under its present discipline. (The appointment comes as pressure mounts against several traditional Catholic regulations on marriage and divorce. The Rota, of course, is the arbiter of contested marriage cases and thus the agency that polices guiding principles.)

Other considerations prompted by the cardinalate appointments:

—What complications are boded for the U.S. Bishops' Conference now that the Conference's vice-president (Archbishop Krol) is a cardinal, while the president (Detroit's Archbishop Dearden) remains an archbishop? (In the opinion of not a few, Archbishop Dearden was the American most deserving of a red hat, if red hats there must be—a question all its own.)

—And how much does reinforcement of the ranks of the cardinals, scant months before the potentially historic first meeting of the Synod of Bishops, exalt the one at the expense of the other?

If the questions have any validity, the answers are perhaps better left in the parlors where they were raised.

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As a sample of the sick emotionalism that adds nothing to the resolution of controverted issues, it would be difficult to top the "Diary of an Unborn Child" being circulated within heavy black border by the School of St. Philip Neri (for delayed vocations) in Boston. A sample of the entries:

"OCTOBER 5—Today my life began. My parents do not know it yet. I am as small as a seed of an apple, but it is I already. And I am to be a girl. I shall have blond hair and azure eyes. Just about everything is settled though, even the fact that I shall love flowers . . .

"OCTOBER 23—My mouth is just beginning to open now. Just think, in a a year or so I shall be laughing and later talking. I know what my first word shall be—Mama . . .

"NOVEMBER 12—Tiny fingers are beginning to form on my hands. Funny how small they are! I shall be able to stroke my mother's hair with them. And I shall take her hair to my mouth and she will probably say, 'Oh, no, no dear . . .

"NOVEMBER 20—It wasn't until today that the doctor told Mom that I am living here under her heart. Oh, how happy she must be! Are you happy, Mom? . . .

"NOVEMBER 25—My mom and dad are probably thinking about a name for me. But they don't even know that I am a girl. They are probably saying Andy. But I want to be called Cathy. . . .

"DECEMBER 28—Today my mother killed me."

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Under the heading "It's-Never-Too-Late Department," the *Pittsburgh Catholic* reports from a local Christian Family Movement newsletter that one parish CFM group has "started a formal program on sex education for parents of grade schoolers."

•

The surprise of Spring has to be St. Louis University's scratching of Bishop Pike and Stokely Carmichael from the university's 1967-68 Great Issue Series.

According to Fr. Thomas F. McQueeney, S.J., dean of student affairs, Bishop Pike's qualifications to speak on "Theology—Relevance to the Modern World" are "questionable." And Carmichael's civil rights approach, according to Fr. McQueeney is "inflammatory" and "irresponsible."

Acceptable, on the other hand, are Barry Goldwater and Robert McNamara, who, maybe, are "questionable," "inflammatory" and "irresponsible" on issues that are only less central—like social welfare and military warfare.

•

Patriotism vs. Christianity Dept.:

"The gospel tells us that we are to love even our enemies and if it were possible to bring food, clothing and medicine and even financial assistance to any suffering civilians in North Vietnam, it would be a holy and just thing to do. But it is simply impossible . . ."

That from Bishop Edward E. Swanstrom, executive director of American Catholic Relief Services, to disabuse people of the notion that CRS might cooperate in the drive being sponsored by Caritas International, likewise a Catholic relief agency, to bring succor to the suffering of North Vietnam by raising funds for hospital facilities.

Bishop Swanstrom continued:

"And I must stress the words 'any suffering civilians', because no one in his right mind would suggest that we give assistance to the armed forces of a government that is directly locked in battle with American troops . . ."

Fortunately, some understandings of the gospel message to love and comfort *even our enemies* avoid easy distinctions and escape restricting grips of nationalism. Pope Paul's, for one.

Last year Pope Paul donated approximately $100,000 for the relief of suffering in Vietnam. Almost half was designated for North Vietnam!

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In an East Coast diocese they're quipping about the assistant who marched into the bishop's office and asked that the pastor be transferred. . . . Then there's the yarn of the assistant who lodged a UFO complaint against the housekeeper: Unidentified Fried Objects.

File both under What Killed Parish Minstrel Shows.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Music and Liturgy

Nutley, New Jersey

To the Editors: Is the vernal appearance of Professor Thibodeau ("Church Music Revisited," May 5) to become annual?

His pleas for art music in the liturgy bring visions (auditory, s.v.p.) of the soprano in the choir loft chirping away "Kitty-kitty-kitty-ay. . . ." Perhaps the image (auditory) is a bit unfair, but art music seems too often to let the music override the text.

The excuse that for the English Mass "better words" are necessary overlooks the fact that good settings for the Latin were achieved with the far from elegant Latin of the liturgy.

That art music is often irrelevant to the modern mind cannot be dismissed lightly. The various plastic arts have passed from sentimental over-ornamented Victorian, across Loos' assertion that all ornament is crime, into a clearer expression of purpose and meaning. 20th Century man understands the slab skyscraper; he also understands and reacts to a two-dimensional art that is far from representational. The good Abbot was giving over to the keeping of the musicologists those pieces of music that go with the saccharine Dresden Virgins of the paintings and the *putti* holding up the baldachino. Long live the abbot for that! But his suggestion of going to serial music and its relatives is much too sophisticated for most choirs at least for the present.

Perhaps—listen to "Eleanor Rigby"—the Beatles are the ones to speak to (and for) 20th Century Man. A Mass by Lennon or McCartney would certainly not have Latin or churchy hangovers, would have a directness, and would be eminently singable—both by a congregation *soli* and by a chorus, arranged.

I am a member of the still silent Church and don't like it a bit. The Liturgists have begun to strip the Mass to a direct expression, to prune so that a more luxuriant growth may flourish.

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FACING THE JIHAD

Long awaited, long feared, the conflagration has at last broken out in the Middle East. As we go to press, the airwaves are filled with reports, often conflicting, of the bombing of cities and large-scale military encounters in and around Gaza and Sinai. One after another, the Arab countries have declared war and are sending troops for the final *jihad* to push Israel "into the sea."

Israel, the Arab states, the U.S. and the Soviet Union must all share in the responsibility for the current outbreak. Yet the blame does not lie equally nor in the same way upon each nation's shoulders. Israel's fear that time is running out increased its resolve to strike and be done with it, while the mad contest in Arab virility joined between Nasser and the Syrian leaders forced events to the level of large-scale confrontation. The Soviet Union has played for a diplomatic coup in the Middle East, pouring arms into the area; while the United States' own anti-Communist *jihad* in Vietnam has given the Soviets every reason to gain some of those famous "blue chips" for further use at the bargaining table.

Behind all these immediate factors, however—and one may add the legal complexities of the Gulf of Aqaba and the effect of U Thant's swift recall of the UN peacekeeping forces—there remains the basic asymmetry between Israel's long-term aims and those of the Arab states. Israel wishes to survive as a viable nation. The Arabs have pledged to destroy it. Whatever short-term policies Washington might adopt to avert disaster, ultimately it must be fully committed to Israel's survival. That means willingness to employ military power. America's declaration of neutrality in the Middle East can be taken as a tactic; it cannot be this nation's last word.

So far, the U.S. has been walking a tightrope, attempting to avoid a confrontation with the Soviets. One can sympathize with this effort, for a world war, nuclear or not, would not solve Israel's problems either. But the tightrope act is inspired by other motives as well: Western oil interests and requirements, for one, and an attempt to avoid concessions over Vietnam, for

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another. Vietnam is a factor in the crisis which cannot be ignored. It has diminished America's credibility as a peacemaker. It has diverted U.S. attention from the Middle East. (The chair of Assistant Secretary of State of Middle Eastern Affairs was actually vacant from last October to this April.) It may have tempted Russia to wade beyond its depth in the Middle East, manacling its policy to Cairo just as we tied ours to Saigon.

The major powers must act swiftly to restore the *status quo ante,* and some U.S. concession in Asia (where Hanoi is Russia's ally as much as Israel is ours) would make a good start. The declarations of neutrality by the U.S. and Britain must not be attempts to dodge responsibility for Israel, save our oil, and give the Arabs a free hand. If, instead, the declarations elicit a similar Soviet response and keep communications open, then the U.N. or an international conference may yet extricate the world from this crisis.

THE DELEGATE LEAVES

Archbishop Vagnozzi's elevation to the College of Cardinals and his imminent departure from the United States bring hope to Catholics who still take seriously the Vatican diplomatic service and who wish to see in the office of Apostolic Delegate here a man who reflects the spirit of the modern Church.

For most Americans, Archbishop Vagnozzi is the personification of the traditionalism and authoritarianism historically associated with Rome. The foot-in-mouth address at Marquette's 1961 commencement set the tone of his tenure. The years since have been marked by a series of power plays that kept American Catholic scholarship and renewal under severe pressure. For worse, more than for better, Archbishop Vagnozzi leaves his mark on the Church in the U.S.

Archbishop Vagnozzi will be popularly remembered for attempts to control lecture platforms, to curb opinion in the American Church, and to decide the composition of faculties at certain Catholic institutions. Yet these were passing episodes. The legacy that must be endured is the hierarchy that Archbishop Vagnozzi was instrumental in perpetuating. It is a hierarchy which mirrors too accurately his own conservatist preferences.

What initiatives one might look for in such a hierarchy at a moment of history that seems opportune for restudying the role of Apostolic Delegate is a question. It is too much, unfortunately, to expect that the American hierarchy get down to hard basics and inquire whether, in a Church come of age, there is need or justification for the office of Apostolic Delegate. The will is missing. Also, there is the question of practicality. The office is so institutionalized and the times so much in transition that Rome appears less than likely to entertain any radical petitions on the topic.

However, it is reasonable that Rome should be receptive to a clarification of the functions of an Apostolic Delegate, open to ideas on the type Delegate that would be preferable, and agreeable maybe to the very person American bishops would like to occupy the office. Invited or not, the bishops should take action in these areas.

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Sitting on the Lid in Cleveland

Clevelanders and residents of the city's six dozen suburbs have the feeling that most of the nation is waiting for them to blow themselves up as soon as summer comes. A number of young people, white and black, are ready to oblige.

Since last July's shootings and fire-bombings in the Hough area, a two-square-mile Negro slum, the city has been getting badmouthed in national publications, and its racial record is one that richly earns such opprobrium.

One reaction has been a campaign by business and political figures to emphasize the city's assets, with the hope of rebuilding its national image. A more realistic course, though probably not practical, would be to remind other large northern cities that there is scarcely a single thing wrong with Cleveland that isn't wrong with them too, in some degree.

Cleveland does stand out in two distressful categories, though. One is federal aid. Somewhat incredibly, the city has been almost marooned by the federal government. The Department of Housing and Urban Development cut off urban renewal money, demanding that Cleveland show proof that it can accelerate its halting, stumbling programs. A majority of the six active urban renewal projects are in Negro areas. In many places the chief results have been sullen population movements and empty spaces. Then federal contract compliance officers stopped funds for almost $44 million worth of educational, research and housing projects in the Cleveland-Akron area, charging discrimination against Negro workers by six building trades unions. Projects totaling another $60 million, mostly in Cleveland, were threatened.

The second standout category is political leadership—especially the current administration of the central city. There is no assurance that a wiser, more adept, more imaginative administration could prevent a racial explosion, but a great many people would like to try it.

Two recent incidents hint at the dimensions of the leadership problem. One was a statement by Mayor Ralph S. Locher lumping together as "extremists" Floyd McKissick, George Wallace and Martin Luther King. The other was almost unnoticed. At a luncheon meeting of the Rotary Club of Cleveland, the speaker asked some 300

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listeners how many of them voted in Cleveland, rather than in a suburb. One hand went up. Other Cleveland residents may have been present, but if so, they were reluctant to admit it.

Mayor Locher's administration is still struggling to improve life in the ghetto by means of urban renewal. It has stepped up rubbish collections. It has launched neighborhood conservation programs. It has devised a model cities project (including part of the Hough area) and gone bravely back to Washington with it.

But Ralph Locher has failed to win the Negro's confidence, to convince him that the administration wants real change, not just a patch-up. Despite his efforts, life has been getting worse in the ghetto. While this was happening, Locher was refusing to see Negro leaders, including moderates, who lacked the pedigree of City Council membership.

This is a public relations matter, perhaps, but one on a grand scale and vitally affecting the city's life. Cleveland's population is a declining 800,000; its Negro population is more than 300,000 and growing. (Ten of 33 councilmen are Negroes.) Unemployment in the ghetto is a staggering 15.6 percent. Outside, it's less than 3 percent.

James C. Davis, president of the Cleveland Bar Association, made an important speech about the city's leadership last March. He said the administration is neither stupid nor incompetent, but: "City government is a creature of politics. . . . The majority of the electorate in Cleveland is white. This white majority largely consists of nationality groups . . . immigrants or the descendants of immigrants. They constitute what politicians refer to as 'cosmos'—persons of cosmopolitan or diverse ethnic origin. . . .

"This white majority in Cleveland does not accept the view that the creation of an environment in which the Negro can have a fair chance to solve his own problems is either a responsibility or an obligation of the white population. But until it does accept the validity of this premise, neither the white problem nor the Negro problem will be solved."

Like the city, many public and private organizations have undertaken programs and projects to improve life, economically and socially, in the ghetto. The Catholic diocese has launched several initiatives, and some individuals, such as Father Albert Koklowsky, M.S.SS.T., a slum pastor, have given important witness.

The diocesan newspaper, the *Universe Bulletin*, has responded skillfully and bravely to the civil rights revolution. This is one reason its circulation has dropped 17,000—or 14 percent—since 1964 (not the only reason, probably, but an important one). There is some news which some Catholics, "cosmos" and others, do not wish to read.

But the idle slum Negro, especially young men under 25, has little chance to build anything for himself, and the efforts others are making for him are not very visible. He keeps talking about "promises" made to him—not promises really, but hopes, plans, projects that never quite paid off (urban renewal, for example).

A great many people expect more violence, and soon. Sparks have been flying since the first week of April, but they have not yet caught the tinder. Those who suffered most from last summer's trouble were Negroes, but there are persistent reports that young whites are organizing and target-shooting to "defend" their neighborhoods.

Cleveland also hears that CORE has some sort of project in mind. That the Klan is coming. That the North American Alliance of White People (which consists of a few North Americans who live in Cleveland) is planning some sort of nonsense. That, as the cherry on top of the sundae, George Lincoln Rockwell will be here.

More encouraging is the prospect of a campaign by Dr. Martin Luther King and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, expected to start this month. It will try to organize Negro political and economic strength and work for open housing.

Cleveland had relatively little racial violence in summers when there were campaigns of one kind or another to engage Negroes' attention and energy. Last summer there was a vacuum. Perhaps Dr. King will fill it. But prevention of violence is hardly an ultimate goal. Somewhere in the future, Clevelanders face a deadline.

ROBERT STOCK

(Robert Stock is a reporter for the Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

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CATHOLICS AND FOUR-LETTER WORDS

LOVE IN CALIFORNIA

San Francisco's image as an *avant garde*, progressive community is one of the more popular myths created by the nation's slick magazines. In fact, although possessing a goodly number of artistic-minded citizens and social activists, "the city that knows how" is both traditional and conservative.

An influence which is largely responsible for this condition is what natives have come to call "the local Catholic establishment." Stretching from the chancery office. to city hall and its various agencies, and into the courts and law enforcement agencies, the Church wields its influence often subtly, sometimes openly.

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Obsessed with the community's personal morality, often to the exclusion of social morality, Catholic church and civic leaders in San Francisco provide the city's 60 percent non-Catholic population with an interesting paradox.

While decrying the "immorality" of the Haight-Ashbury's "love generation," these Catholic leaders blandly ignore their membership in the S.F. Olympic Club, which as recently as February 23, 1967 reaffirmed its century-old "whites only" policy. While Church-related agencies remain the city's single largest recipient of United Crusade funds, plans proceed on the building of a new cathedral at an estimated cost of near $15 million on a choice piece of property in a redevelopment area where families used to pay $30 a month rent. As the city's minority ghettos lie smoldering for want of better educational opportunities and jobs, the Church in San Francisco keeps a significant number of the white middle-class in its private schools, thereby adding to *de facto* segregation in the public schools. Meanwhile, efforts in the past three years by local CIC representatives to get Archbishop Joseph T. McGucken to demand firm anti-discrimination commitments from local craft unions involved in church construction work have been almost to no avail.

The "Love Book"

Nothing in recent years, however, has disturbed "the local Catholic establishment" as publicly as the various types of artistic expression now emerging out of the "love generation's" new community. The recent five-week long trial of three booksellers for "knowingly possessing obscene matter with the intent to distribute it" provided a rich example of this concern.

At issue was a slim, 825-word book of poems by Lenore Kandel, a 35-year old housewife. "The Love Book," as described by its author, was the culmination of a 23-year search for an appropriate way to worship the divinity of man and express her belief that sexual acts between loving persons are religious acts.

The prosecution contended that the predominant appeal of the poems taken as a whole were to a prurient interest going beyond the customary limits of candor and were "utterly without redeeming social importance."

The ten-women, two-man jury's verdict of guilty came almost as an anti-climax to the trial itself. Defense attorneys Vasilios Choulos and Marshall Krause have indicated they will ask for a new trial and if that motion fails they will appeal the decision to a higher court.

Attorney Choulos said the basis for the appeal would be "several errors" made by presiding judge Lawrence S. Mana. "He turned it into a heresy trial instead of an obscenity trial," Choulos charged. During the appearance of some 20 witnesses, many courtroom observers felt the main intent of Mana, a graduate of the nearby Christian Brothers' St. Mary's College, was to protect the "traditional" image of the Church.

Choulos commented: "There are many Catholics in S.F. occupying both public and private positions where their public contacts give them reason to comment on public opinion and these comments often reflect attitudes fixed on the piety level by their parish priests and their parochial education."

Krause, an American Civil Liberties Union attorney, noted: "I was distressed throughout the trial, because the prosecution seemed to have taken a religious emphasis, with Catholics trying to apply their doctrine to the rest of the world. And I didn't think the testimony in this case was based on sound Catholic doctrine. I do not think this is particularly good from the standpoint of religious-world community."

Assistant District Attorney Frank Shaw, also a graduate of St. Mary's College and of the Jesuit University of San Francisco Law School, relied heavily on Catholic testimony in prosecuting his case.

A long-time columnist for the local diocesan newspaper, the monsignor-director of the S.F. Catholic Youth Organization (who was specifically directed by the chancery office to testify), a psychiatrist who heads the child and adolescent psychiatric ward at one of the city's Catholic hospitals, a former teacher in a Bay area Catholic college, and Father Herman J. Hauck, S.J., former president of Santa Clara University and now director of education for the Jesuit universities and high schools in four western states, all denounced Miss Kandel's poetry as "animalistic," "blasphemous," "psychiatrically immature," "odious," and "excessive and nauseating."

The defense, in an effort to offset some of this testimony, was successful only in getting a Jesuit professor of literature from U.S.F. on the stand who described the poems as an "ecstatic hymn to the goodness of love." Although denied permission to testify in the case by his superiors, Father Robert J. Brophy, S.J. was eventually subpoenaed by the defense.

Efforts by Krause and Choulos to get testimony from a 29-year old Catholic laywoman proved unsuccessful after attorney Shaw contended that the married woman, prominent in a number of local Catholic organizations, was not qualified as an expert on what the average person thinks is obscene. Judge Mana sustained the prosecution's objection and disqualified the witness.

After Father Hauck testified as one of the two "rebuttal witnesses" at the end of the trial, the defense sought to bring Father Peter Riga, nationally prominent moral theologian from St. Mary's College, to the stand to explain modern Church thought on the issues of sexuality and love raised in Father Hauck's testimony. Mana ruled against the introduction of such testimony.

Outside the courtroom Riga told the press that he felt the whole trial was a "travesty of justice" and that Judge Mana was "obviously prejudiced." He commented:

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"The principal objection against 'The Love Book' has been that it uses four letter words to describe human sexual activity in the service of the author's love. The underlying ideas therein obtained are basically good and theological: the total gift of love expressed in a thousand variant ways of sexual manifestation which is incarnational.

"The truth is that many are offended not by the words, for these same people use them from time to time, but by the fact that one author has had the courage to describe her love incarnationally and humanly."

Defense attorney Choulos, reflecting on the trial, warned that the case may well become a forerunner of what the Church is going to have to expect in the future in its attempts to define community standards: " 'The Love Book' trial in an unprecedented way provided a public forum in which the old-line or traditional attitudes of the Roman Catholic Church on sexuality and love met the new attitudes which have come out of Vatican II."

Despite the efforts, he added, of "the local Catholic establishment" to confine that kind of forum, "the American subpoena process allowed us to conduct such a discussion on a limited basis."

While the report persists that "The Love Book" was used simply as a "test case" in an effort to get at the bigger, well-moneyed "pornography for sale" in downtown S.F. book "arcades," the trial has opened a pandora's box within the Catholic community.

Petitions and letters are already circulating calling for the chancery office and religious superiors to prohibit priests like Fathers Brophy and Riga from expressing their opinions. Counter petitions and letters are also being signed supporting the priests' right to speak out on such matters.

The over-riding issue in San Francisco has now become, will the Church permit special sanctions to be lowered on those who take unpopular positions on issues coming before the judiciary? A. V. KREBS, JR.

(A. V. Krebs, Jr., is a free-lance writer living in San Francisco.)

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

MORAL STAKES IN THE MID-EAST

The Middle East crisis abruptly interrupted an argument inside the Administration on escalation of the war in Vietnam. It also brought into sharper focus the continuing debate inside the Administration and in the nation as to the relative importance of moral commitments, legal obligations, and national interests in the making of foreign policy. Or, put more simply, does Mr. Johnson's Vietnamese shoe fit the Middle Eastern foot?

The moral argument for an American role in the Middle East and, in my view, much the strongest one is this nation's implicit commitment to the European-Jewish refugees who have largely created Israel. Having stood by as helpless and mostly unwitting spectators of the destruction of European Jewry during World War II, the United States and its allies in western Europe cannot repeat the performance and let the Arabs destroy Israel. This is true despite the specific rights and wrongs of the Arab-Israeli dispute which, like most disputes, is intricately tangled and not morally one-sided.

In that dispute the Israelis have the stronger moral claim because they are fighting for their very existence as a nation. The Arab refugees living in Jordan have, by contrast, lost their lands but not their identity as Arabs or their lives. The losses of the Arab refugees are poignant, but by no means unique in a world and in a century in which White Russians, Sudeten Germans, middle-class Cubans, anti-Communist Chinese, and countless other displaced persons are in permanent exile from their original homelands through no fault of their own. As for Egypt and the other Arab states, Israel poses no danger to them. They would all be better off if they made up and stopped poisoning the region with their hatred.

It is obvious that Vietnam and the rest of Southeast Asia do not evoke the same moral commitment from Americans as does Israel. We may sympathize with the million anti-Communist North Vietnamese who fled to the South to escape Ho Chi Minh's tyranny after the partition of 1954, but they, like the Arab refugees, are not in danger of genocide. Moreover, Vietnam was not the birthplace of Christianity, and no Vietnamese has remotely influenced modern Western thought and sensibility as have Jewish figures like Marx, Einstein and Freud. The moral commitment that the United States has in Vietnam is the one that any strong power incurs when it undertakes to assist its allies and sympathizers in a weak country. If the worst happened in Vietnam—or in Formosa or South Korea—the United States would be obligated to give shelter in this country to those who had fought on our side against the Communist enemy.

This is not to deny that the Johnson Administration often clothes political and diplomatic considerations in moral terms in a way that can be misleading. Thus, it may be true that freedom in the world is indivisible and that if a nation can, it has a duty to help a weak country repel aggression. But the indivisibility of freedom and resistance to aggression are basically political ideas, not moral concepts.

In political, diplomatic, and legal terms, the United

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States has some rather explicit obligations to Israel. They are as broad as the United Nations Charter and as specific as President Eisenhower's assurances in the winter of 1956-57 that this country would underwrite free access through the Gulf of Aqaba. These obligations are more clearcut than those which underlie the American military presence in Vietnam. But from the outset of the crisis it has been clear that this Middle Eastern confrontation afforded Mr. Johnson an opportunity, if he wished to take it, to demonstrate that the United States would resist aggression wherever it occurred, in concert with its allies if it could persuade them and alone if it could not. But Mr. Johnson is not a frivolous man. He would not involve the United States in a potentially complex military operation in the Middle East merely to score a propaganda point against the domestic critics of his Vietnam policy. Moreover, experience suggests that statesmen do not really act upon past legal obligations and political concepts such as aggression unless those obligations and concepts comport with their own view of the national interest.

Is the protection of Israel, leaving moral considerations aside, essential to the American national interest? In the State Department and elsewhere, there are many who argue that it is. Israel's preservation is seen as part of the maintenance of the present status quo in the region. At present, the American-backed monarchies—Jordan, Saudi Arabia and (non-Arab) Iran—balance the power of the more radical Arab regimes in Egypt, Syria, and Iraq. The long, inconclusive civil war between republican and royalist factions in the Yemen neatly symbolizes this balance between the contending factions. If Nasser and his radical allies were to crush Israel, their prestige would jump sharply and they might gain the upper hand against their conservative royal opponents.

Nasser would like to get the oil revenues of Saudi Arabia to alleviate some of his own economic problems. A Middle East largely dominated by Nasser would not be in America's interest, it is argued, because Nasser's army is dependent upon Soviet arms and advisers. Nasser also promotes a "neutralist" political line that is more pro-Russian and anti-American than neutral. In theory, at least, Nasser and Russia could use Middle Eastern oil, on which Western Europe's economy is critically dependent, as a political lever. Moreover, if the Middle East becomes oriented to Russian political influence, America's ally Turkey would be isolated and American air bases in the region might be lost. These latter considerations naturally carry weight in the Pentagon.

My own view is that these arguments of strategy and interest make it clear that blocking Nasser and the radical Arabs might be to Western Europe's interest—as the British and French governments thought it was in 1956 when they tried to regain the Suez Canal by force—but they do not show conclusively that it would be in our own interest. With long-range missiles, the United States can contain Russia militarily even if Turkey and Iran were outflanked and became neutral. The United States has enough oil under its own flag and in friendly countries such as Mexico and Venezuela not to be dependent on Middle Eastern oil. Moreover, neither Nasser nor Russia is likely to use the oil to blackmail Europe economically. The oil is valuable only if it is being sold. If it were not sold, Nasser would get no revenues.

In short, America's only lasting tie in the Middle East is its moral commitment to Israel. As far as the rest of the area is concerned, the monarchies of Jordan, Saudi Arabia, and Iran could fall without making much difference to the United States. One might have a certain romantic regret at the downfall of Jordan's dashing young King Hussein, if it were to occur, but as a practical matter, his departure would matter even less to the U.S. than that of his murdered cousin, the late king of Iraq. Containing Nasser or trying to stabilize the Arab balance of power ought not to be America's concern now anymore than it was in the Suez affair of 1956. Only Israel's survival and independence matter.

Vietnam

Meanwhile, the war in Vietnam grinds on. The influence of the hawks inside the Administration and among opinion-makers dwindles, paradoxically enough, as the opinion polls indicate that hawkish sentiment in the country is rising. The failure of the bombing of North Vietnam to bring any dramatic results in the course of the war strengthens the voices of those who argue, on the basis of the Strategic Bombing Survey after World War II, that bombing by itself cannot break an enemy's will to resist, permanently interrupt communication and supply lines, or destroy industrial capacity. Terror bombing of civilian centers weakens a nation, but North Vietnam, a largely agricultural country, could continue to function even if Hanoi were wiped out. For these reasons among others, the Washington *Evening Star,* a conservative paper that has supported the American effort in Vietnam, last month urged a halt to bombing in the North.

Though their numbers diminish, the hawks still argue for bombing the dikes in the North and for a "limited invasion" of the North. President Johnson has thus far resisted this counsel. But, at bottom, he is like those rank-and-file Americans whose opinions are reflected in the polls. Not a warlike man, he is eager to find a way out of a deepening struggle.

Two years ago, Hanson Baldwin, the military editor of the New York *Times,* predicted that the war could be won in Vietnam but it would have to be won on the ground. It would require 750,000 troops and five years. In strictly military terms, no one has disproved the soundness of Baldwin's analysis. But as the casualties mount, the public and the President grow impatient.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

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O BLESSED DEVIATION

Qualitative virginity or quantitative maternity

NANCY RAMBUSCH

Canon lawyers have never struck me as a particularly jolly lot. But when they seriously discuss women's full participation in the Church, I conclude that I (together with many other near-40-year-old ladies) must revise my opinion of them. Little danger that women will become priests, when they can't stay up past ten o'clock!

The Catholic rhetoric of femininity, from Eve through Mary, has developed more by accretion than by revision. The lives of American women have changed more radically in the period since the second World War than in any other; particularly the lives of those women reaching maturity in the late 40's and early 50's. What the American Church has been saying about the nature and role of women has had precious little to do with the fact of being female, being Catholic and being conscious.

Erik Erikson has reminded women that like Negroes, cripples and adolescents, they deviate from the normative male and must necessarily describe themselves as deviant. Catholic women of my generation, in small though significant numbers, taught to chant "O Blessed Deviation," have stopped singing in their chains, real and illusory, and started snarling.

My perspective on the woman question began in a midwestern all-girl family, with parents conscious of femininity's troublesome rhetoric. My mother, a college teacher until her marriage, was educated to think and paid the price for so doing continually, particularly in her lay apostolic activities. She believed that ideas had consequences often unforeseen by the curates assigned to moderate her diocesan ladies' groups. She developed the first Catholic Manual of Sex Education, testified in the state legislature against the dissemination of birth control information, involved herself deeply in the up-grading of the Catholic secondary schools in the community. Her role in public life (to use the language of the encyclicals) was to carry out unquestioningly the directives of the hierarchy in her capacity as a lay person. It was not generally admitted in the early 1930's that the education of the laity implied possible analyses of the directives themselves.

A generation ago, my mother faced the binary choice of Catholic womanhood—qualitative virginity or quantitative maternity. It was assumed women fell between these polarities, be they unmarried or childless, by default not by design. Educated women of my mother's generation were taught to respect intelligence but fear intellect. The Church in which they grew up functioned from barricades alive with the names of Hughes and Ireland. They were told that Catholics must stick together or perish in an alien world and they did so in that sticky agglomeration we now describe as immigrant Catholicism.

My mother's efforts in national Catholic women's organizations were doomed to fail to the degree which they appeared to succeed. These organizations neither needed nor indeed could tolerate women of speculative bent. As these groups developed in Catholic women a sense of their separateness, they drew them away from many of the concerns of a pluralistic world. Ironically, the tremendous debt my mother's academic contemporaries owed the early feminists was completely ignored. The very access to higher education as "thinkable" for American women, that higher education which proved the root cause of my mother's apostolic anxiety, was a feminist heritage. It could certainly not have been ascribed to hibernian origins.

The new apostolic movements of the '40s and '50s, in

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which I became involved, were all European imports, attempting to upgrade women's awareness of their Christian mission while retaining the old ontological role mystique. The differences in outlook between a Catholic Europe in the process of de-Christianization and an American Catholicism attempting, though not officially, to wrest itself free from its immigrant origins, went largely unperceived by the initiators of these groups.

European apostolic leaders coming to America at this time came as though bringing the Word of God to the aborigines, reflecting Freud's 1909 judgment of America —"A mistake, a gigantic mistake, to be sure, but a mistake." American clerics traveling to Europe in search of trans-shipable apostolic endeavors tended to consider themselves as derivatively European and foresaw no difficulty in fitting anything "Catholic" into an American context.

The Grail, in its early days, represented such an effort. Fresh from Holland, it came with a "think or breed" option for the ladies. The Grail's initial pitch, reflective of its hankering for a simpler and more manageable version of Christian reality, was bucolic, romantic and alarmingly amazonian. (I recall a spirited exchange with Dr. Lydwine von Kirsbergen during my high school days on the possibility of simultaneous breeding and thinking; at that time, Dr. von Kirsbergen thought no such possibility existed.) Little wonder that one Grail stereotype emerged —the Wagnerian virgin zestfully leading a whey-faced exseminarian to the altar in order to populate heaven. Long after the Grail had left behind lisle stockings, tweed nightgowns and whole-grain bread, it found itself wrestling, in institutional terms, with the feminine gender role, American style.

I was involved in the transit of the JEC (Jeunesse Etudiante Chrétienne) to the United States and Canada as the YCS (Young Christian Students) and spent time in France working with the French "mother" organization. In the late '40s Père Daniélou presided over cenacles of students in Paris, the worker-priests celebrated Mass in homes in the "red" suburbs, and the writings of Teilhard were handed around in mimeographed form. Under this heady influence, one easily developed a concept of personhood which transcended gender roles. As long as we young Catholic women had not opted for marriage, our cognitive structures had not been alchemically transformed into ovarian secretions. Many of us functioned on that peculiar normative assumption of virginity with which we had been reared. Not a way-station between childhood and maternity, an unconscious state of indifferent moral value in itself, physical virginity was for many of my generation, in its fugitive unconsecrated form, an ontological mystique—one might say, a low-budget religious vocation.

"Physical virginity was for many of my generation, in its fugitive unconsecrated form, an ontological mystique—one might say, a low-budget religious vocation for women."

There were those among us extremely nervous about marriage because it meant definitively relinquishing the "higher life," the transcendental brass ring. Small wonder one's fiancé was nervously eyed as equal parts satyr and patriarch. The ritual gesture of this anxiety, as grotesque as it was unconscious, was the placement of one's bridal bouquet at the Blessed Virgin's altar after the wedding ceremony, in symbolic defloration.

The virgin-mother axis of the Catholic woman's life was filled with strange contradictions. As a learned response, we knew maternity to be an a-sexual phenomenon. Mary as Theotokos was always depicted with her child. Yet religious women were to be called "Mother" because presumably virginity unleashed in them sublimated maternal energies. Nuns had by definition eschewed maternity or more explicitly sexual encounter, yet laid claim to mysterious feminine powers, inaccessible to mothers. Whatever contradictions resided in the notion of woman writ large, were presumed to achieve resolution in the Blessed Mother.

It could be persuasively argued that woman writ large, the eternal woman of Gertrude von le Fort and Paul Claudel, was a deserved Allied casualty of the second World War. In the postwar period, the awareness that Catholic woman wholesale differed from Catholic woman retail impinged upon the consciousness of countless American women whose husbands were students under the G.I. bill. Thrust often into the bread-winning position, these women saw their husbands, in the academic structure, reduced to the status of dependents, and they faced problems of crowded housing, family limitation and role definition for which their categorical Catholic up-bringing had ill prepared them. The "Me Tarzan, You Jane" notion of marriage collapsed under the weight of postwar aspirations and left many educated Catholics resonating with their own consciences and their own experiences rather than the a-priori assumptions of their education.

Postwar Developments

Perhaps as an institutional antidote to this new manifestation of freedom among married Catholics and as a reflection of the secular respectability of large families, the Christian Family Movement rose to prominence durin the postwar period.

In Europe, it had been a partial response to the absence of men in Catholic life. Religion had become an al-

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most exclusively feminine concern and by the promise of prestige for performance of ritualistic male functions, men were hopefully to be re-incorporated into the life of the Church. The traditional patriarchal model of marriage was readiest at hand.

Many American Catholics were attracted by the opportunity of an "in group" experience which reflected the national demographic upswing of the period, despite its reinforcement of old role definitions. From the French Catholics with their zest for sex and their taste for feminine self-abnegation, the CFM borrowed the notion of "conjugal spirituality," complete communality of life; a kind of transcendental "togetherness." With the happy violence of a metaphysical conceit, the CFM yoked the juridical notion of marriage as an indissoluble social contract to an unabashedly romantic view of it. Thus the question became, "Can Tristan and Isolde best fulfill themselves as parents of a large family?"

The confident response seemed to be, "Of course, because at the heart of Tristan and Isolde's relationship is the need and desire to have many children, if they have the courage to face this."

The CFM was there to help them.

However much quantitative maternity might *not* have been at the heart of many Catholic marriages, it was hoped that those Catholics who deviated from this desideratum would have the decency to stay out of sight, lest the stereotype be disturbed.

The American CFM had considerable difficulty with the codification of appropriate inter-spousal behavior. In the early years, such problems as "May a wife disagree with her husband, publicly?" held pride of place. Undoubtedly, some of the disagreements concerning behavior stemmed from divergent ethnic and social class expectations of CFM members, who, nonetheless, struggled to develop a single solution approach. The "oxen yoked for eternity" metaphor evokes the early consensus. True, for some oxen it meant speaking up, even in double harness, for the first time. There were no chairmen or chairladies of CFM groups; there were chair-couples (one knew that when one spouse started a sentence, peership demanded that the other finish it).

To many young Catholic couples this "togetherness" constituted a frightening anti-personal assault. The two-in-one-flesh argument in marriage, outside the reproductive arena, had more often than not resolved itself, not into one-plus-one equality, but one plus zero equaling one. In the brave new world of the CFM, "O Blessed Deviation," it was not difficult to guess which spouse would glory in being zero.

The insupportable demands being placed on marriage as a mechanism for self-fulfillment reflected the view of the culture at large. Spouses were to be all in all to each other, parents all to children. American middle-class women were, as Alice Rossi suggests, for the first time becoming "professional" mothers. What had been a child-centered family risked in some cases becoming a child-obsessed one.

"The Golden Ovary awards are being given less frequently to mothers of 13, 10 of whom are religious . . . The consciously large family no longer appears the categorical Catholic imperative."

In Catholic circles, the era of the aggressively submissive woman began. If the burden of omniscience had been placed squarely on her husband by the patriarchial definition of marriage, then, by God, he had better have all the answers. What was rarely discussed was what putative omniscience was doing to the men who were its often unhappy possessors. (One could speculate on reactions ranging from acne to impotence.)

The trend in the '60s away from large families and toward early marriage has exacerbated the "woman" question. A sizable underground of Catholic women who have lived out the past 15 years between the polarities of consecrated virginity and multiple pregnancy is now beginning to surface.

Non-Categorical Solutions

The Golden Ovary awards are being given less frequently to mothers of 13, 10 of whom are religious, perhaps because of greater recognition that the consciously large family no longer appears the categorical Catholic imperative. Professional married women with happy though not large families, single women who opted against marriage, groups of dedicated women living outside the confines of religious communities—all reflect attempts at non-categorical personal solutions to the question for which the Catholic rhetoric of femininity has had up to now only two official options. (Federico Fellini brilliantly demonstrated in *Juliet of the Spirits* that the heroine's dilemma as a childless wife was that she was neither virgin nor mother; she was therefore nowhere.)

Catholic married women are consciously, in conscience, opting for smaller families on grounds other than infertility. Young Catholic married women are seriously weighing the delay of pregnancy until educational plans are completed, precisely because of their view of responsible parenthood. Many do not believe that marriage need be so narrowly conceived as to eliminate the possibility of personal and professional growth of either partner after marriage. The impact of "personhood" on Catholic women has necessarily alerted them

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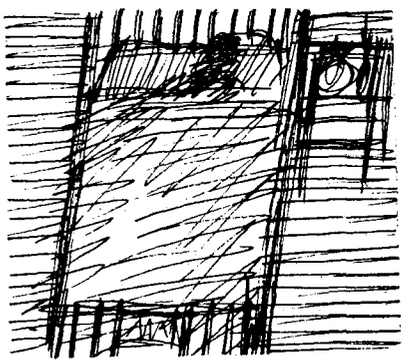
to a present contradiction. The notions of self-fulfillment and of self-abnegation may well prove to be mutually exclusive.

The sado-masochistic relationship to authority so identified with Catholic marriage is being seen by many women as an option rather than an inevitability. Let those who so desire, be obliterated. For those women who will not accept the old categories, the categories themselves will change.

The Catholic institutions hardest put to face up to this



evolution in feminine fact are the women's colleges. Since my mother's time, they have been graduating sizable numbers of women whose impact on society and on the life of the Church has been virtually non-existent. The assumption underlying women's education having been that of alchemical transformation at marriage, sleight of hand would necessarily need to be more a work of grace than of nature.

The notion that woman's being is co-terminous with her maternal role poses some pretty thorny problems. Why are not menopausal ladies issued silver bullets? What justification do women have outside of a narrowly conceived sexual and nurturing role?

The fixed role notion of woman is now proving as troublesome to religious women as it has to their married sisters. Religious who have chosen an intellectual vocation together with one of consecrated virginity find themselves subject to superiors in intellectual matters on the basis of their virginal commitment.

The discontinuities of the educated married woman's life have meant in Catholic terms: studying hard, breeding hard and, in the 20 years left between death and the youngest child's entry to college, finding fulfillment outside the now "empty nest."

It is obvious that both before marriage and early in it, young women must foresee this discontinuity and prepare themselves for it. When, in the past, the birds have flown, too many Catholic mothers, as well as nests, have been found vacant. Hopefully, in the future, there will be many more life styles for Catholic women, within and between the polarities. Perhaps such institutions as day-care centers for married women graduate students, run by religious, might exemplify such options.

Young American Catholic women cannot wish away the problems of subservience to increasingly nervous superiors, be they priests or husbands. They can do better. They can ignore the old categories and leave us oldsters in a spirited but irrelevant debate. We ladies nearing 40 already belong to the past. What can the Church now say that is meaningful to American Catholic women intent on finding a plurality of life styles? In the past two generations, the Church has reflected almost no awareness that problems outside the binary definition of woman ever existed. Confessors were trained in such a way as to demand that women penitents restate their problems until they could "come up" with those for which the moral theology manuals had answers. Usurers often got a better break than women.

Now the arena for serious discussion of American women's personal roles and aspirations is as clearly outside the Church as it was when my mother's generation was told to "stick together" and resist what was going on in the secular world.

Canon lawyers, few women are looking to the Church for support in becoming priests. They haven't yet found support in becoming persons.

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MICHAEL MILLER

A MARBLE STOCKPILE

Between Second and Third
On Thirty-seventh, a cold day
In a converted stable,
A marble stockpile!
And you beside me,
Before brick walls
And potbellied stoves,
Walking between cut machines,
Steel-eyed drills, diamond
Wheels, and all the while,
As though asleep and awake,
I drifted in time, passing
Florentine and Norwegian Rose,
Recalling Donatello, Michelangelo,
Canova, until suddenly
You rose before me,
Set apart from steel blue clarity,
Contrasted between gray flats,
White slates and marble dust,
A sculpture within itself,
Your eyes clear,
Your skin translucent,
And for a moment I held you,
Ageless in time,
Until you trembled.
Marble endures.

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DISOBEDIENCE NOW!

"Soul butter" is not enough

JAY NEUGEBOREN

We can no longer delude ourselves. When, 10 or 20 years from now, we view this period of our history in retrospect and we ask ourselves—or are asked by our children—what did you *do* while that war was going on, it seems clear that answers such as "I signed ads" or "I marched in parades" or "I participated in teach-ins" will not be enough. All such actions, well-intentioned as they may be, will seem to have been little more than what Huckleberry Finn would have called "soul butter."

This does not mean, of course, that we should stop educating others about the war, or that we should stop protesting the war in the usual ways. We must continue to build the anti-war movement in every way possible, and to enlist in its ranks, *all* people opposed to the war. But we should not fool ourselves; the ordinary forms of protest, it is all too clear by now, will just not do. What is happening in Vietnam is proof, i.e., no matter how much the protests have escalated, no matter what the polls have shown, Johnson and Rusk and Westmoreland have been able to enlarge the war at will.

This is due, I would suggest, to the fact that the government does not now need the approval of the American people to carry out its policies; all it needs is its acquiescence. This is the central fact of political life in America today, and if we wish to alter the course of events in Vietnam, we must learn to deal with it.

In 1964, we remember all too often, Lyndon Johnson promised the American people a policy of restraint. He said, then: "I have had advice to load our planes with bombs and drop them on certain areas that would enlarge the war and escalate the war, and result in committing a good many American boys to fighting a war that I think ought to be fought by the boys of Asia to protect their own land." A majority of Americans supposedly voted for this policy, and Johnson's landslide victory was due, at least in part, to his opposition to Goldwater's "wild" statements. What has happened since, we know, is that after enlarging the war Goldwater-fashion, Johnson claimed a consensus. How does one refute the claim of consensus? And what does one do to stop a President who, as Senator Fulbright has painfully informed us, engineers and uses a limited congressional resolution (Bay of Tonkin) in the manner Johnson has? Consider, then: if Johnson, Rusk and Westmoreland see that those who know best what our government has actually done in Vietnam do not feel outraged enough to go beyond the ordinary forms of protest, why shouldn't they believe that they can, quite literally, do *anything* they want in Vietnam?

The fact, of course, is that the President's claim to consensus allows him to do exactly what he wants so long as 51 percent of the people do not *actively* rise up against him. He has not received, nor does he need, the nation's approval. He acts. Some of us protest. Most of us acquiesce. The majority of the nation is—or believes it is—unaffected. The war goes on.

The Stanford Statement

An understanding of this process is leading—somewhat belatedly, perhaps—to new and more intense forms of protest. Here at Stanford, for example, a group of faculty and staff members is circulating a statement which says, in part:

"The anti-war movement is now large enough and broad enough that one part of it can step out in front

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and say: *We do not want to protest the war any longer; we want to stop it. We are prepared, through mass civil disobedience, to say NO to our government.*

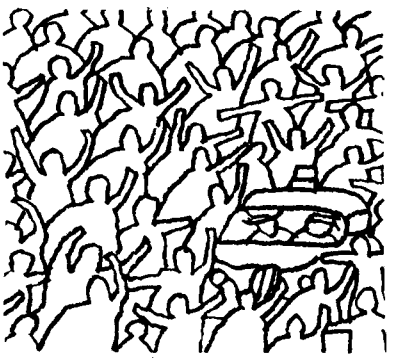
"We can not be certain that such acts will stop the war. We do believe, however, that nothing less has any chance of stopping it. If only 10 percent of those who marched against the war on April 15 will involve themselves in such an action, we might realistically hope to reverse the escalating murder and suffering."

That such a movement (the statement is being circulated throughout the religious, professional and university communities) should begin with members of the "responsible" academic community is startling. And to some it is probably more startling that it should begin at Stanford. rather than at such places as Columbia, Harvard, or Berkeley. Stanford professors who, less than three months ago, felt that a silent and orderly walk-out on Vice President Humphrey was "inappropriate" have already signed the pledge. In less than a week—before, in fact, the letter had reached the faculty—we had passed the 10 percent mark in signatures. In all, 46 faculty and staff members signed the pledge, over 20 percent of those who had previously manifested their opposition to the war. The signers included some of Stanford's most distinguished professors —from History, Mathematics, English, Physical Sciences, Statistics, Religion, Philosophy, Economics, Anthropology, the Medical School, etc. Moreover, these professors had signed the statement despite the fact that many felt the pledge was somewhat "open-ended" with respect to the forms of illegality anticipated. The covering letter said that the action "will be in the spirit of the non-violent acts undertaken by Martin Luther King in the civil rights movement—except that our action will be on a much larger scale. (We are considering such actions as the blocking and immobilizing of major army induction centers and manufacturing plants, encouraging draft resistance, and sitting in at government offices. . . .)" The reaction of most—and this is highly significant—was that the situation in Vietnam was so extreme that they were not going to "quibble over words," as one professor put it. Others told me that they felt so desperately about what was happening that they were willing to "sign or do anything"—a rare thing, as one colleague remarked, for those who are used to spending hours in committee meetings "haggling over the placement of commas."

Some will contend, no doubt, that it is unrealistic to say "we do not want to protest the war any longer; we want to stop it." Perhaps. Surely, though, it is unrealistic to think that more ads and more marches will stop the war. It is, I would suggest, unrealistic to think that anything *less* than mass efforts to stop the actual progress of the war will stop it. For anything less is in its effect at least equivalent to acquiescence.

Moreover, the April 15 demonstrations, it seems to many of us, have made effective direct action possible. (This does not mean that if it were not "possible" to stop the war, we should not try to stop it. Were someone to prove conclusively that mass civil disobedience would never "succeed," we would have to engage in it anyway. We must always act, I would contend, *as if* we thought we could stop the war.) That effective direct action is possible means that on a practical—a tactical—level, there is reason to be encouraged. It means that the anti-war movement can—perhaps for the first time—"realistically hope to reverse the escalating murder and suffering."

The reasons are several, and we might, briefly, look at them. First, there is the presence of Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., and we should not be evasive about what he might mean to us at this time. Consider, for example, what would happen if he were, on the basis of what he has already said about the war and about the need "to move



past indecision to action," to issue a call to the American people to join him in an act of non-violent civil disobedience; if he were to say to the nation and the world—as perhaps only he could say it—that, because we love our soldiers too much and because we are "involved in mankind," we can no longer let them go abroad to kill and be killed, and that we are prepared, with our bodies—at a particular time and place—to block the progress of the war. It is my belief—and this belief has been confirmed by discussions with faculty and clergy here at Stanford, with prominent members of Vietnam Summer, and with representatives of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and of the east and west coast mobilization committees—that thousands would respond to such a call. (Conversely, one of the tasks of a pledge such as the Stanford one is to show Dr. King that there *is* a strong sentiment for such an action.)

Then too, if the April 15 demonstrations bothered the government in a way it has not bothered them before (as remarks from Westmoreland, Rusk, the House Armed Services Committee, *et al.* indicate), consider what the prospect of mass civil disobedience would do to them. (For what it's worth, on the day of the demonstrations Richard Nixon stated that if such demonstrations continued, they "might" have the same effect here as the demonstrations in France had on the Algerian war.)

Despite the desperate efforts of some (e.g., Westmoreland's April 24 speech about the "unpatriotic acts at home" which "inevitably, will cost lives—American, Viet-

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namese and those of our other brave allies"), dissent has not been stifled and this, of course, is heartening. But we must remember that the crucial question centers not on freedom of speech, but on the war. There is a deadly race going on: Will the peace movement mobilize the United States before the United States decimates Vietnam?

This question is related to a third reason for the movement from protest to action—i.e., the events which are taking place in Vietnam, the quickening pace, the danger, as U Thant fears, that the "initial phase of World War III" is being fought there. (In a report from the *Times-Post* service on the same day U Thant's statement was reported, Johnson is quoted as having told his daughter Luci, "Your daddy may go down in history as having started World War III.")

In the face of such rapid escalation and such imminent danger, it is possible (as it has been here at Stanford) to get people to act in ways that seemed, until recently, "immoderate."

Finally, there is the fact of numbers. If there were (and I am giving a very conservative estimate here) 300,000 people in the two April 15 marches, and if only one out of every ten of those marchers felt that direct action was now warranted, it would mean that there are at least 30,000 people ready to join a man such as Martin Luther King in mass acts of civil disobedience. More than this, it means that all the other ongoing protests—the ads, the draft counseling, the orderly demonstrations, the letter-writing, the forums, *et al.*—can continue at full strength. It means that while one segment of the peace movement tries not merely to react to the government's actions—but, as it were, to get one step ahead of the government—the largest part of the anti-war movement will remain firm, massive, and will itself continue to grow.

This is not the place to plead with people to involve themselves in one or the other forms of opposition, nor have I been speaking here to those who do not, essentially, agree concerning the murderous fact of U. S. actions. I am, rather, saying this: most Americans, in their day-to-day living remain seemingly unaffected by the war and are —despite all our efforts—likely to remain so. There is little chance that half of them will ever go into the streets to demand an end to the war. A politics dominated by acquiescence, I would suggest, demands a protest dominated by action. Those of us who have been against the war and who have, for the most part, been talking to one another these past few years must, it is clear, begin to act in the United States in ways which directly affect what happens in Vietnam.

The "responsibility of intellectuals" at this time, then, is not only "to speak the truth and to expose lies," as Noam Chomsky has put it in *The New York Review of Books* last February 23, but to *act* on this truth, to do those things which neither convince the convinced, nor educate a few more citizens, but relate—on a large scale—directly to that horror which goes on every day in Vietnam.

BETTER WITH SHOES ON

THE SCREEN

Anyone who has seen some of those earliest and scratchiest samples of movies (like the 1896 May Irwin-John C. Rice "Kiss," which is a scene from "The Widow Jones" stage play) realizes that from the very beginning movie makers were commenting on the ways of love. Some 70 years later, they're still commenting. Although film techniques have changed greatly through the years, the comments on love have not. "Barefoot in the Park," a thin little comedy imported from the stage where it should have stayed, is about young-marrieds, newlyweds who, as they have their first spat, suddenly discover how un-alike they are.

The groom, a young lawyer somewhat on the conservative side and greatly concerned about his first case, is well played by Robert Redford, who skillfully suggests a regular guy without being stuffy. His bride, a sort of kook, is made so coy and cute and childish by Jane Fonda that she loses you right from the opening honeymoon scenes in Central Park and the Plaza Hotel. Perhaps Miss Fonda got the part because she played a similar role so well in "Period of Adjustment"—but that was years ago and Miss Fonda has grown up, or should have, since then, and the nutty character doesn't become her so well. The fault, however, is not entirely Jane's. Neil Simon, who wrote the amusing and slight stage play that became such a hit, also wrote the screenplay and padded it considerably to cover up its thinness. And Gene Saks, who uses little invention in directing his first movie, has not guided his cast too well, particularly in the obvious sight gags.

Even Charles Boyer, as an aging Casanova and neighbor of the newlyweds in their Greenwich Village apartment, is not really at ease in a role that should be duck soup for moviedom's lover-through-the-years. Coming through best, however, is Mildred Natwick as the girl's off-beat but wise mother.

Having carefully run through all the cliché jokes about a fifth-floor walk-up apartment and honeymooners' early adjustments, the film finally arrives at that first big fight. And what do you think it's about? The bride's annoyed because the groom's not a nut like her; he won't kick up his heels and romp with her; he won't even go barefoot in the park. He has a point, several points besides the fact that this is February.

But it's mama who finally sets the girl straight: marriage is not just skylarking; you have to give a little of yourself; and if it's a game, it's a game of give and take. For my money "Barefoot in the Park" is neither profound nor funny. And while its comments on love and marriage may be true, its cinematic presentations of them are no more

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advanced than "The Widow Jones" and its "Kiss" sequence. It was kiss and make-up then too.

The title character in "The Drifter" is a kook too and, though as irresponsible as the girl in "Barefoot in the Park," much more thoughtful and, in his way, sympathetic. At the film's opening we see him, played by young, vaguely handsome John Tracy, as a carefree hitch-hiker bouncing along the road with joy. He has little concern for tomorrow; he swims with his clothes on as he passes a pond; he picks up girls, sleeps with them, drops them, dances merrily away the next day. In New York City, he fails to see his father who is a concert pianist at the State Theater; and he even fails to get a handout from him when he tries on the phone. But seeing an attractive woman and a darling five-year-old boy in Grand Central Station, both bound for Montauk at the far end of Long Island, Allen, our drifter, takes the Montauk train too.

Written and directed by Alex Matter, whose well-made picture is an independent film produced by Pierre Lasry and released through Film-Makers' Distribution Center, "The Drifter" is more like a cinema poem than anything else. Although somewhat formless, it has a point, and it is nicely acted with some stunning photography of New York City and Long Island. Matter's script plays tricks on us at times; it doesn't tell us till late in the game that Allen had an affair with this woman some five years ago (is the little boy his?) and that he probably dropped her then. But Matter's direction does have a lyrical lift and the rewakening love scenes between Allen and the woman (Sadja Marr) are quite moving; even more touching are the camaraderie scenes between Allen and the little boy, who in his shy way has come to love the man. Along with its poetic quality, Matter's lively, imaginative direction has a feel for people and places. If Matter is saying anything it is that the life of a drifter is a lonely one and that a person like Allen, with all his charm, leaves loneliness in his wake. The love of two people like the woman and the boy is not enough to hold a spirit compelled by wanderlust.

There's a tone of wanderlust in "Three Bites of the Apple," too, but the film has such a foolish plot that not even the magnificent scenery in lovely color photography can keep an audience absorbed for an hour and a half. David McCallum, deserting his U.N.C.L.E. role to play a tour guide for a busload of people, wins 1,200 pounds in a gambling casino in Italy; and from then on he is more interested in getting his dough out of the country tax free than in caring for his charges. An adventuress (Sylva Koscina) with her eye on the money, and a spinster (Tammy Grimes) with her eye on David try to spice up the silly story with some touches of sex, but none of this has anything to do with love. The views of Italy, France and the Swiss Alps are first rate. The inept cast, however, could learn a lot from seeing that 1896 "Kiss."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

BOOKS

Denying the ecstasies along with the agonies

The British Museum Is Falling Down

DAVID LODGE

Holt, Rinehart, $3.95

PAUL WEST

"For some time," wrote Angus Wilson in a recent issue of *The Kenyon Review*, "I have been concerned about what is happening to the contemporary English novel. It is becoming provincial, and the novel of manners—strong though it is—is an increasingly restrictive influence." This is true, but altogether too mildly put. Myself, I would replace "is becoming" with "has been since Lawrence died," and for "the novel of manners"—which we think of as a dense, intricate investigation of the feuding and colliding public personae of private selves—I would substitute the thing that has led the field for a long time now: the novel of romp and frolic—a prankish gaiety on the everyday level, with Lucky Jimpanzees cavorting in the provinces of a mini-splendored thing called post-war society.

The romp-and-frolic men have, in fact, straitened and simplified the novel of manners as we receive it from Austen and James: we still witness the surface turbulence of society but only too rarely discover what is going on in hearts and minds. For the subtler intimations of mortality—for emotion evanescent or fragile, deep or serious (as distinct from trivial)—there are so few novelists to go to other than Murdoch and Greene, most of whose contemporaries have played safe by pushing to extremes such "traditional" English qualities as hard-headedness, ungullibility, suspiciousness of abstractions or of overt feeling. It's hard not to keep remembering E. M. Forster's dictum to the effect that ". . . feeling is bad form. He [the Englishman] must not express great joy or sorrow. . . ." In other words, beer and skittles rather than "taking things too seriously."

Well, whatever the reasons are (there comes a point at which it becomes pointless to adduce even the good reasons), it won't do. The resolute unseriousness of the postwar English novelists amounts really to selling life short by

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denying the ecstasies along with the agonies. "Oh, come now, no Englishman uses words like that—I mean *such as* that. How positively, extraordinarily, embarrassing it might be for. . . ." Not for me, anyway, whether I'm writing fiction or reading it. Who on earth, in fact, does not weary—is not wearied of—the slapstick, the simple-minded wisecracks, the juvenility and the frivolous timidity of the Jimps as they hurry on down, having found there is a bottom at the top?

Humor, in fact, has become the English novelist's means of distracting us from his own omissions, evasions, and incapacities—an opiate for jolly, shy readers who, when they want a serious novel, turn to the fey or solemn unpretentiousness of Spark or Snow respectively. Only last year I thought things were looking up: Amis went serious, but with such self-conscious cumbersomeness; Nigel Dennis, in *A House in Order,* attempted some sort of Kafka-Jünger allegory, but made the whole thing too remote; and B. S. Johnson, a novelist of admirable motives, produced *Trawl,* which I thought was going to be his own "Open Boat," but which sinks under the weight of old-hat streaming consciousness.

Campus novels, British-style, keep on coming, and so does the spy and paramilitary stuff; but there's precious little really searching fiction except from the prolific Murdoch, whose determination to be mysterious obscures the mysteries of daily living. Sillitoe's books have been getting thinner and thinner, more's the pity, and perhaps the only recent work of sheer style has been Anthony Burgess' *Nothing Like the Sun.* Yet prizes and bursaries continue to be handed out, especially to writers whose work is expected to be a *credit* to British society (which usually means work notable for an inspissated mildness, as if an antirrhinum in a pot in Bayswater had nodded its mild jaws toward the typewriter to write a biography of the average violet). Some of us are trying, however, and there is no other direction than up.

David Lodge is trying, for example. True, his new novel (his third) contains a good many sportive and deliberate set-pieces meant, I suppose, to tickle us to death; comedifications I call them, and here are three, rated according to Ha-ha: (1) Lecherous girl unzipping man only to discover his loins are girded in his wife's lace panties—Ha, ha; (2) furtive Catholic in surgical-goods shop being watched by a priest—Ha; (3) London butchers in a basement conversing in Hemingwayese—Ha 2.

But there is also, precipitating the escapades, a far from trivial theme, and that is the Catholic's prospect of creating so many children he doesn't know what to do. Adam Appleby, a young Catholic graduate student who toils in the Reading Room of the British Museum, awakes one morning only to have his wife tell him she thinks the rhythm method has failed again: a fourth child looms. From this point on, Adam reels and meanders through a fuliginous London, trying to cope with the flunkeys, goons and monomaniacs who beset him

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during his unsalaried working day. Being jobless, neurotic and nowhere near completing his Ph.D. thesis on "The Structure of Long Sentences in Three Modern English Novels" (he hasn't even chosen his three novels), he is almost unhinged by the prospect. He discovers that what is absurd isn't that one day of his own life can include a false fire alarm, a Catholic club lunch, a sherry party with academics, a rich American wanting to buy the Museum, two bouts with a hot virgin, one with a cool matron, a communist Chinese delegation invading the Reading Room, his own scooter catching fire, not to mention all kinds of hallucinations in corridors and tunnels and jittery phone conversations with his wife (whom, in spite of it all, he wants to go home to and make love to).

No: the absurdity he finds is the cosmic, natural one of timing married love according to two thermometers and meticulous entries in a little Catholic diary: "Adam followed the relationship between the liturgical year and his wife's temperature chart with interest. He practiced a special devotion to those Saints whose feast-days fell within the putative Safe Period, and experienced disquiet when a virgin martyr was so distinguished."

Himself a martyr, he is *resartus*, reminding me of Edith Sitwell's comment in her essay on Stravinsky's *Petrouchka*. The clown, she says, "is above all, the man with nowhere to hide . . . as he stands in the pitiful glare of the stage, trying to cover his misery and defiance with the bright-painted rags of the limelight. He has not even the right to his own flesh . . . and his laughter must not be human; it must be the mechanical action of a switchback."

Mr. Lodge has created a clown whose compulsive sorties across London are just as mechanical, just as impersonal, as Mother Nature herself. The clowning has a frantic quality (I dare not say Dada-like), not so much relieving the seriousness and the pain of the theme as assimilating Nature's indignities into the human dignity of mocking oneself (who, after all, has complete right to his own flesh?). As Adam's wife says to herself in the long Molly-Blooming reverie that, in the form of one ironic enormous sentence, ends the novel, "you could spend your whole life preparing to get into bed." It's a life-affirming book, but only just; and that is enough to save it from being an arid or merely tribal caper. The wife's night-reverie, after a day of alarm clinched by the arrival of her period, twists the preceding comedy by the tail, gives it a depth and a resonance that mitigate even the hackneyed quality of Adam's eventual rescue by millionaire (a part-time job offered him out of the blue). Funny—both laughable and daunting-peculiar—how life contrives to keep going on, utilizing alike those who love it fractionally more than they hate it, those who hate it fractionally more than they love it.

Some wan literary jokes apart ("C. P. Slow," "Mormon Nailer"), *The British Museum is Falling Down* is a pert fable, discomfiting and yet warm. It could, I think, have been less hectic, less giddy, without becoming miserable or flat, and it does at times read like an exercise deliberately undertaken at the suggestion (the dedication tells us) of the gifted writer Malcolm Bradbury, who only recently reviewed Mr. Lodge's cogent study, *The Language of Fiction*. So this is what the boys are brewing! Let them now cook up a plot, perhaps even again about what James called "the insolence of accident," with whoever writes it playing a little less safe than David Lodge on this occasion. Must any of us, I wonder, seek to repair a museum with jokes from its own period?

Tales of Manhattan

LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS

Houghton Mifflin, $4. 95

MARTIN TUCKER

The dominant impression a reader is likely to get from Louis Auchincloss' newest work of fiction is that the rich worry more about money than the poor. When threatened, they scratch and claw —some like tigers, some like kittens— but very few question the struggle in any terms but moneyed triumphs. Most of Auchincloss' characters reserve their moral complexities for questions of what things to buy with their money.

Such a theme is no more restrictive a representation of human nature than Dreiser's emphasis on the bitch-goddess of success in American society. Dreiser's characters bumbled and groped their way; Auchincloss' characters elegantly knife a man with a Renaissance stiletto. Among the rich in fiction, Henry James' and Edith Wharton's people seem no less aware of money and manners than Auchincloss'. But Dreiser and James and Wharton did not fashion their characters in *objets d'art* as Auchincloss does in this newest book, a collection of stories and one playlet held together by the common theme and milieu of the rich and the near-mighty. In *Tales of Manhattan* the passion of Auchincloss' people does not carry much urgency, and their convictions all seem part of a crafty puppeteer show.

Certainly the raw material is present. One story concerns a man who has surrendered to his dream to build the most beautiful house in America. He spends almost his entire fortune to create this esthetic paradise, and then finds that his wife and children will not move into it with him, and that he has almost no money left to run it in the fashion it deserves. Another story concerns the machinations by which a junior partner evicts a doddering senior partner from the firm. An even more potentially sensational situation lies in the playlet, "The Club Bedroom," in which a mother admits to herself that her daughter is a tramp, and her only son a homosexual. She stands before a portrait of her dowager mother-in-law and accuses her of evading the responsibilities that have led to such a shambles of the family tradition.

The situations then are as much raw material for passion as anything found in Dreiser's working-class figures or Henry James' desperately moral characters. In Auchincloss, however, the passion does not hold. I suspect one of the reasons is his increasing use of a technique he displayed brilliantly—but not successfully—in *The Rector of Justin*.

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In that novel a schoolmaster and his life were dissected by the many people who knew him, and the reader came to know him through their voices: the man himself rarely spoke. In this collection of stories, every piece is told by an observer, who is in most cases passive.

Auchincloss divides his book into three sections. The first reveals the characters of several people as the narrator (an antique dealer) discovers them. The second concerns a composite biography of a law firm which various partners in the firm are writing: each revealing himself as he discusses the others. The last section, "The Matrons," deals with several old ladies who are studied by their acquaintances. Auchincloss' attraction to the oddball, the sensitive or artistic member of a society that allows eccentricity but not passionate criticism, runs through all the stories. What happens is that the oddball—the man who built his dream castle, the erratic lawyer who sacrificed his wife's reputation for the joy of political slugging, the painter who drew erotic fantasies with his parents in mind—becomes a case study for a compassionate conservative reluctant to break his own ties. The attraction of the wayward impulsive romantic is real enough, but the stately narration of events produces more passivity than passion.

The choice of the narrator, particularly in the second section, is also mystifying sometimes. Why does Auchincloss choose one man as narrator above another? All people are interesting, of course, and what one man has to say about another is the stuff of literature. But Auchincloss' choice of narrator does not create a profundity of illumination, it merely creates a clever diversionary tactic from the real stuff he should be shaping.

Auchincloss' technique is not a new one. In fact, the point of view technique has already taken on an academic air. Certainly that academic tone—even dehumanizing would not be too strong a word—characterizes this latest work. It is a pity, because all the virtues of Auchincloss—precision, elegance, wit of style—are not allowed to add up to more than decoration.

The Man Who Knew Kennedy

VANCE BOURJAILY

Dial, $5.95

DON CRINKLAW

The jacket of the book is red, white and blue, and its design is uncomfortably similar to that of *Profiles In Courage*. One is momentarily reassured to see that the author is Vance Bourjaily who wrote two very good—and undervalued—novels: *The End of My Life* and *The Violated*. But he also, in *Confessions of a Spent Youth*, took us through 400 anxious pages without creating a single moving line. And then Mailer's snap about Bourjaily's "nice gifts as a politician" comes to mind. Is *The Man Who Knew Kennedy* one more main chance item?

One begins to read with an air of waiting in ambush, ready to pounce upon the first fashionable tirade about our guilty soicety, the first yard of soggy, worshipful prose. But they never come. A mood of reflective sadness lingers over the book, and if the author does not completely squelch the critical impulse, he presents a tasteful and intelligent picture of the generation that came of age with Kennedy, wondered at his Presidency, and felt personally bereft at his death. Also—and this for me was the book's most interesting achievement—as the interplay between the characters progresses we are allowed glimpses of the elements in us which would elevate a Kennedy and, in a dark moment, bring him down.

Sinclair Lewis, in more ways than one, is the animus behind the novel; it was his bad, lively *The Man Who Knew Coolidge* which defined that President's charm for the electorate: "Maybe he isn't what my daughter would call so 'ritzy.' " the main character says, ". . . he may not shoot off a lot of fireworks, but you know what he is? HE'S SAFE." Kennedy, of course, suggests a rather different description, and the man who knew him—Bourjaily's Dave Doremus—is totally unlike Lewis's preposterous Lowell Schmaltz. Doremus is rather, in fact, more like Kennedy.

We know Doremus through the eyes and memories of his friend Barney James, the head of a New England woodproducts industry. The two came together in a St. Louis high school, and in the first flashback subtle parallels begin to appear. His charm and "magnetism"

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made him easily the most popular student, yet: "He was his own man, poised and wilful, capable of withdrawing when it seemed right to him." As the years go by, events in Kennedy's life find their echo in Dave's: both are Harvard and Navy men, both bear scars from the war (they are wardmates in a naval hospital), and while Dave finds his *métier* in business rather than politics, his manner is suggestive: "I like a day with fifteen crises in it," he tells Barney. "Domestic, commercial and personal. Fifteen different people and situations, all as unlike each other as possible. And seeing how many times I can shift, think fast, reassure and put the crisis away. All done. See? There wasn't any crisis after all."

But Dave expends his gifts without calculation, and this "softness" renders him vulnerable to a wild, hopeless business scheme and two predatory wives. Suicide—a few months after the assassination—follows the total collapse of his fortunes, and his fate and the President's would appear to have radically different origins. But Barney James is with his friend often in the final weeks and his speculations, and those of others he records, are worth considering.

He ponders the kinship his generation felt for Kennedy, and suggests reasons for his success: "We all knew Kennedy, didn't we? . . . Wasn't Kennedy the particular upperclassman in the fraternity, poised and cool but not unfriendly? It was the poise that made a freshman uncomfortably awed by him; and the grooming. His jackets were never too short this year, because he'd grown in the last six months. . . . You never thought in terms of having him on your side, only of being permitted to be on his."

Barney attempts to understand Lee Oswald. He recalls an air mission during the war, when his squadron of Mustangs encountered the first of the incredible German 262-jets. "I made a turn to follow one, and before my turn was finished, he was gone. . . . Just then I saw one of those amazing jets in trouble . . . I went after it; so did two other Mustangs, and the three of us pounded rounds into it, senseless and furious, almost down to the ground until we blew it up." And another character speaks of Dave's second wife, a heroin-addicted blues singer: "(She's) the same age as Oswald and just as crazy. Just as much in need of a good man to destroy. As if she were born to do it."

It would seem that the two deaths were not so dissimilar after all, and at the novel's close Barney finds one more factor linking the two unfortunate men. "Every man," is his bleak yet stoical conclusion, "even the most blessed, needs a little more than average luck to survive this world."

Sinclair Lewis was known to brood on the problem of making ordinary people fictionally interesting, and his solution was an exasperated retreat into exaggeration and satire. Bourjaily confronts the same problem but seeks a different end: to epitomize the men of Kennedy's time, a Babbitt will clearly not do. Barney James' value is his conventionality, yet he must be able to sustain a novel, and it is Bourjaily's special skill to make skating on such thin ice seem almost effortless. As Barney leads us through the details of his business and family life, and through the memories of his generation—depression, war, and

BRIEFLY NOTED

Prophets of Salvation. By Eugene H. Maly. Herder and Herder. $4.50. Father Maly, well aware that the category of prophecy has come back into its own in the Church, has written a short, lively book about the Old Testament prophets. Well worth reading.

The Drama of Vatican II. By Henri Fesquet. Random House. $15. Oddly enough, very few books have appeared which treat of the Council as a whole. Fesquet's book does, and it is likely to remain one of the most thorough for some time to come. It is readable, comprehensive and, of particular value, chronologically arranged.

Christ in India. By Bede Griffiths. Scribners. $4.95. Dom Bede Griffiths has been a long-time contributor to *Commonweal*. This book is a collection of essays, some of which have appeared in these pages, and others which are taken from a number of American and English periodicals. A major theme of the book is Hindu-Christian dialogue.

The Vision of Paul Tillich. By Carl J. Armbruster, S.J. Sheed & Ward. $6.95. The recent death of Paul Tillich makes this book particularly valuable. Obviously the result of considerable thought and research, Father Armbruster centers on Tillich's idea of the relationship of religion and culture. Since this remains a critical area of contemporary Christian thought this book has a special value.

The Four Gospels: An Introduction. By Bruce Vawter, C.M. Doubleday. $5.95. Father Vawter is another of our regular contributors. This book is a readable, solid explanation of the background, content and meaning of the Gospels. Those who read Father Vawter's *A Path Through Genesis* will need no further persuasion that he is an author to be read and enjoyed, and pondered.

Teilhard and the Creation of the Soul. By Robert North, S.J. Bruce. $7.95. There have been an incredible number of books on the thought of Teilhard de Chardin, but then there are an incredible number of people interested in him. Father North's careful, comprehensive and amply documented study of Teilhard's view on the creation of the soul and the meaning of man should be of major interest, especially to those who teach courses in Teilhard's thought or have more than a passing interest in him.

REVIEWERS

PAUL WEST is the author of *Alley Jaggers* (Harper & Row).

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lighter memories of swing bands and liquor and cigarettes—we feel we are in the presence of an alert, sympathetic, though not especially distinguished mind, and this is surely proper.

Still, the author appears not to completely trust him, and to cover this uncertainty Bourjaily has manufactured—there is no other word—traits that make Barney something of a Renaissance-ordinary man. He speaks a conventional public-school argot yet rereads Shakespeare and discourses on lyric poetry. He shows a craftsman's concern for the products of his plant though his hands never touch the wood (but he does work at remodeling his house) and while he takes pride in his business ethics he is casual about his adulteries (no one is perfect). Plus: he is an athlete, an amateur musician, a photographer and a pilot. Perhaps Lewis' dilemma has no solution.

Other complaints can be brought against the novel: some of the scenes seem to be just revised versions of episodes in the earlier books—the sexual idyll in the beginning is too similar to "The Poozle Dreamers" section of the *Confessions*—and the author's dips into sophomoric humor can be downright infuriating (what is an overdose of soft drinks? "Pepsilepsy"). But the book easily survives its faults, and at the end one is aware of having been entertained and impressed.

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Perhaps the Musicians will, now that they are talking to the Liturgists, not go off in a pet for their "own" Mass (the Germans of the article . . . *ubi caritas et amor, ibi Deus est . . . et converso*?), but humbly take note of the weaknesses of the still silent Church and either compose for us or get others to do it.

THOMAS J. GILHEANY

"Brothers"

Boston

To the Editors: . . . "News and Views" (May 26) . . . sounds so much like the little brother trying to prove his maturity to big brother—*Commonweal* to *America*. Must there be a fight in the family?

There are many of us today who agitate and pray for peace in the world but who are not convinced that the current peace-movement is going in the right direction. So we would beg that our opponents be patient and understanding. Try not to ridicule our words or misrepresent our intentions. As Americans we have a deep love for our country and feel that we have an obligation to support our men in Vietnam. . . .

I think it very important that the Catholic layman continue to represent his view, as part of the Church, not separated from the Church. I hope and pray that *Commonweal* will not go the way of *Ramparts*. . . . But be sure to keep the candle burning before the Blessed Virgin! I think that She can do more for us than we are ready to admit or even hope for. (REV.) DONALD F. GRADY, S.J.

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